

Hen. VIII. 16. of 1512 R.
AIII

King *HARRY* the Eighth's

G H O S T

AT THE

I N S T ~~A L A T I O~~ N.



W I N D S O R :

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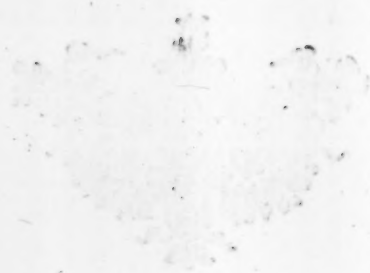
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King WARR the Eighth

G H O S T

AT THE

IN STATION



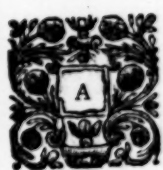
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(This is the name)

King *HARRY* the Eighth's
G H O S T
AT THE
I N S T ————— N.



S A was trotting away from the Chapter
Extremely in Drink, and extremely in Rapture,
Scarce able his Bible and Statutes to carry,
Up starts the Spectre of jolly King *Harry*.

As out march'd the Nobles, he ey'd them all o'er,
When seeing such Knights as He ne'er saw before
With Things at their Shoulders, and Things at their
[Knees,
Hah! hah! cry'd King *Harry*, what Companions are
[these?

Are they such from their Colours as never have fled?
Are they honestly born, are they honestly bred?
Have they honestly liv'd without Blame or Disgrace?
Gods-flesh, Master Garter, I like not their Face.

B

Please

Please your Grace, quoth Squire *Anaks*, how can we
 [keep Rules?
 We must make *April* Knights, or must make *April* Fools:
 Good Faith, of the first, I can tell you no more

Dof St Albans. Than that he's the Son of a Son of a *Whore*.

The next who shall censure for Lewdness of Life
Dof Kingston Has no One, but he lov'd another Man's Wife;
 His Cordon in *France* were a pitiful Thing,
 But *England* affords him a much finer String.

The third of these Knights, tho' he chang'd once
 [before,
 We have made him true blue, that he ne'er may change
 [more;
 And now cros his Back the ----- Collar is drawn,
malre' That his *Gowne* may have one Thing he never can pawn.

That short bit of Ribband, for Man never meant,
 May serve little *Portland* which serv'd little *Kent*,
 Tho' stain'd, shit, and pist on, by nasty old Bugg,
 What ty'd an old Monkey, may tye a young Pugg.

The Times, Sir, are alter'd, and Riches are all,
 For Honours Folks now pick them up as they fall,
 These pay like new Felons the Charge of the String,
 So the King faves the Money, and God save the King.

F I N I S.